MOTHER OF VOICES

JAN. 29 - FEB. 19

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Off the Beaten Path

TOKYO (LNS)--Premier Eisaku Sato of Japan announced at a recent press conference that he stopped beating his wife. He said he had beaten his wife in the earlier part of their 40-year marriage.

When Sato turned the tables on the press at his conference, and put the wife-beating question to reporters, about half of those present affirmed that they beat their wives.

No comment-- Bebinef

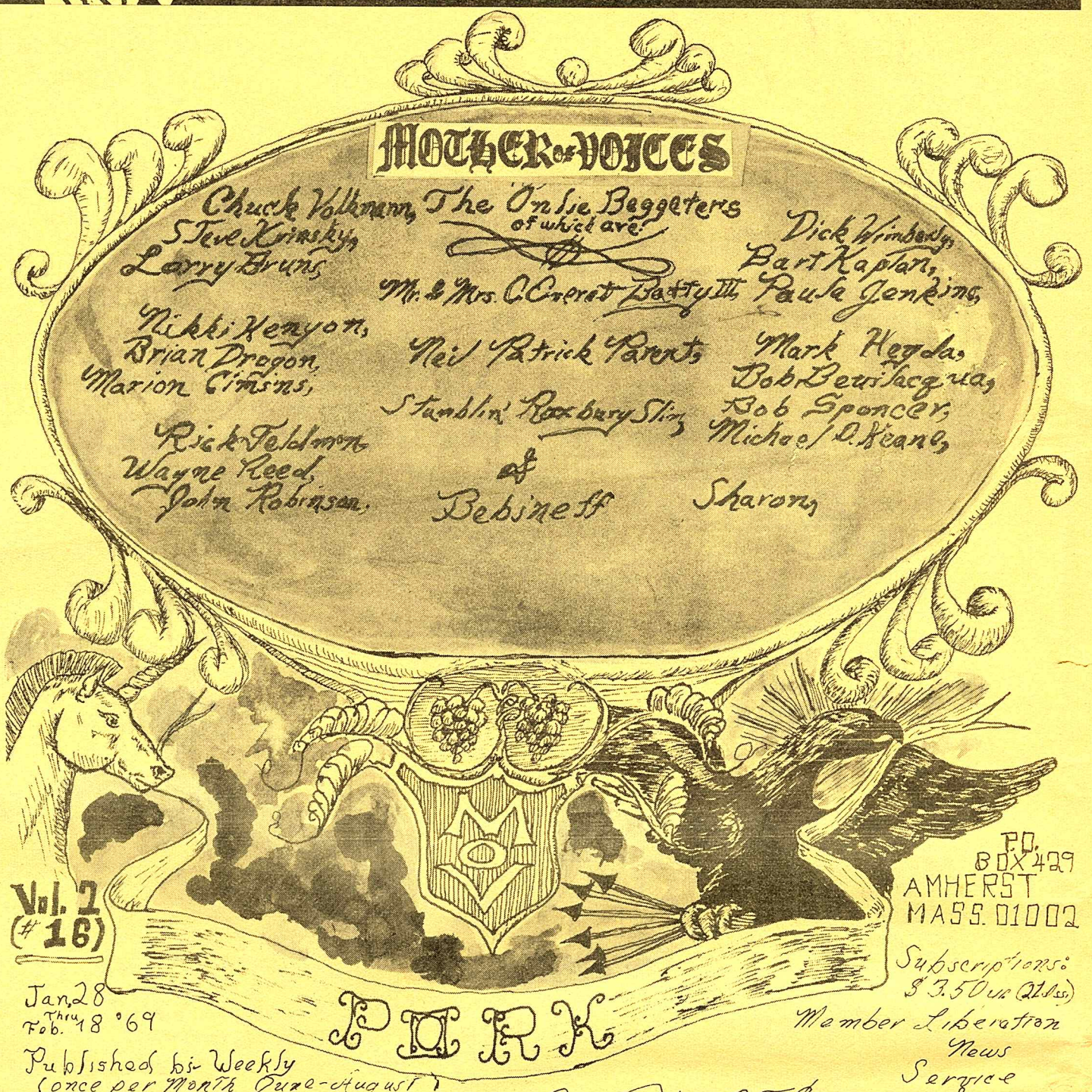
From the N.Y. TIMES:

Naples (AP)- Hundreds of large hungry rats ran rampant in Naples one night, attacking stray cats.

The rats streamed out of sewers in the port area, chasing cats onto the hoods of automobiles and sending Neapolitans scurrying. Some of the rats climbed to the upper stories of apartment houses and were chased down by men and women in night clothes brandishing brooms.

Firemen fought the rat packs with their hoses. They could not explain the sudden invasion.

The revenge of Albert Camus--
Bebinef



Uncle Dick's Column

Dear Friend,

Peace, Justice, Equality, and Freedom are, of course, important goals for our society. Some of these goals compliment and aid in the accomplishment of other goals at various points in our social system, but sometimes they conflict with one another. Can it be denied that the police state can internally provide peace, and maybe even justice and equality, but that freedom must be destroyed for this to come about. Similarly let us not fool ourselves into thinking that in a totally free state there will not be some injustice, some inequality, and some lack of peace. Some sort of priority system needs to be established.

Two reasons compel me to place freedom on the top of my priority system. The first is that man represents the furthest advance on an intelligence level. He has the capacity to think and reason, and in so doing break out of his animal mold without destroying his existence. He has evolved, a non-physical, adaptive process, called society (as if it were a static thing). Now if we take our society and subculture and view them as evolving individuals, it seems clear to me that we are only going to get where we are going with freedom as the primary goal.

And the second reason is that life is so basically meaningless that we must allow each person to search for and perhaps find meaning in his own way.

Wimberley's Law of Affection states: a person a pristine mind will return affection in proportion to the degree that this person receives it. The rule has two exceptions to it. The Suzie exception which is so-called because of my experiences with a young puppy bitch I named Suzie. Suzie was the last of the litter to be given away. Her first master treated her as a subject of entertainment, treating her attempts to gain affection as manifestations of her craziness and unmanageability. Her second master ignored her and kept only as as a future mate for his dog. When she came under my care she was afraid and mistrustful, running away, trying to avoid me. But after I gave her constant affection she learned to trust me and eventually would follow me around and let me fondle her.

The second exception is the Cleo exception. Cleo was a dog that was kicked, pushed, and manhandled by human beings until she could no longer ever perceive, by my observation, that affections could be applied to her. She was always rejecting any attempt of affections being given to her.

Music (and dancing) is peculiar to human beings alone. I believe that there are two basic beats. One is the beat of existence. The first sound that we have ever heard is the slow pounding beat of the heart. This pound dominated our pre-natal existence, an existence that was sweet and untroubled. All of a sudden we were kicked out of the womb and the sound stopped. There, suddenly, was a whole world in front of us. We were cold and hungry. If the heart beat was not firmly imprinted in our minds as the beat of solace and warmth, it soon would be -- because soon we would probably be close to and hearing that heartbeat again. (see The Naked Ape by Desmond Morris, p. 109.)

The human species is one of the few, (and the only primate,) in which the female can experience orgasm sexual intercourse. The second beat that I refer to is the beat of life or the beat of sexual orgasm. It is the hard, fast, pushing beat that is so well liked by our you younger generation. Music with this beat always ends with a hard, sometimes double beating, loud screaming (you'll pardon the expression) climax. This beat as used in current music is, either an institutionalization of the orgastic rhythm, designed to allow both the male and the female to develop rhythm that will lead to orgasm in the female, or a device (with dancing but not necessarily) that allows for sexual stimulation and the resulting releasing of sexual tension.

Hope to hear from you soon,
Uncle Dick

Apologia: Oedipal Complexities

Broadly the Mother of Voices is an alternate press. An alternative to the "above ground" press that equally decries the decadence of the hippy and the businessman, not realizing how we are all decaying. Or vicariously living in hope, of victory or peace it doesn't matter, without acting. We think we have something better, something more meaningful. NEWS as we define it is not just the shadow of the forces we daily box. If NEWS is good, it can show the shadow casters--but if it succeeds, it will show you the light source.

For some, The Mother of Voices is not only NEWS. It is an expression of life style: we come across something that we think is good; so good that we want to share it. This kind of communication is a reflection, a distilled essence of living. Steve might call it "how to be free;" Larry, "how to be real;" Bart "how to function without the coercive pressures of the sociological and interpersonal group." For me these expressions are ultimately the same, motivated by the same reasons toward the same goals, differing because they are expressed through the means that define our individuality.

We want The Mother to have the NEWS outlook in order to cope with "the other culture" and the institutionalized forces that invade our sanctum. What you don't know can hurt you. What you don't know can hurt others. To say "To hell with the oppressors" is to say "To hell with the oppressed." We want The Mother to talk about life styles, realizing that a major block to effective sincerity is the cloud of illusion. If we cannot develop an understanding of ourselves and construct a life style around it, our efforts to help others are merely an escape from ourselves and we help no one.

Not that we are free from such problems and have condescended to grant a bit of our eternal wisdom. We share these problems so this paper is as much a chronicle of our failures as our triumphs. On this theme of "there's no success like failure," here is a brief history of our own improvisation.

With the conception of The Mother in the fall of last year, we wanted to produce a paper of NEWS and life style commentary. Toward this end, the Mother was organized in a very loose, often chaotic structure, based on the personalities and life styles of the people involved. As yet we did not realize the distinction between the mental-set needed for personal daily existence and that needed to publish a successful newspaper. Not realizing this produced most of the problems that finally converged when we got back this fall, making it nearly impossible to publish with the frequency and quality we wanted.

At the beginning, the structure was horizontal and open, functioning with ideal anarchy. Precipatory democracy and all that, it worked and it worked well because the dichotomy between personal and community attitude was small. Most of the community was involved, or at least interested. People were talking about Mother, and the feedback helped to improve the paper. Both the staff and those in the area thought of Mother as a community (all together now!!) project. Everyone on the staffwas equal; equally ignorant of how the hell you put together a newspaper. Thus Mother was not dominated by any personality and was responsive to the community rather than personal needs. And at the same time the staff was large enough, the knowledge broad enough-- so that no one had to sacrifice personal needs.

Then things started to happen that widened the gap between personal and community-oriented organization. The novelty of the paper's existence diminished, revealing that putting out a newspaper is hard, not very glorious work. Thus the staff became stratified according to how much work people were willing to do. Certain people, doing more work, gained expertise which furthered the solidifying of the structure. Personalities began to dominate. The solidifying in itself was not bad, but coupled with the chaos, which made training and interchange of people and ideas difficult, the structure became rigid and unresponsive. For example, people would sit around the office because no one could tell them what to do or how to do it. People who had the knowledge didn't have the time because the bulk of the work was crammed into the weekends just before going to press. Thus, the knowledge and the work stayed with the same people. And when some of the staff, ew could not replace them with equally informed people. Putting out the paper then became the personal responsibility of the few core people. Personality disputes threatened to tear Mother apart.

Community interest also slackened as the novelty wore off, and the interchange of ideas and people slowed. Fortunately this process was more than offset by the ever growing abilityof the members of the staff to work in the medium, and thus our issues in spring of last year were our best.

The New Renaissance

Language is
More than just

Images (it does

More than de-
Scribe the reality of
Things-as-they-are (it

Stimulates significance of things by
(not only objectively
Demonstrating the

Reality of
Things with-

In a field of
Vision but by) going into the

Inner vision (living)(mystery)(significance)
Of things.
this is a form of
Language/communicating. image is

Not separate from function & mind not
Separate from body & what you say not separate
From what you do.
with one stroke we
Nullify the

Academic
Essay style

Perpetrated
In our minds/idea.

Jim Semark
(Trans Love Energies/Sun)
(UPS)

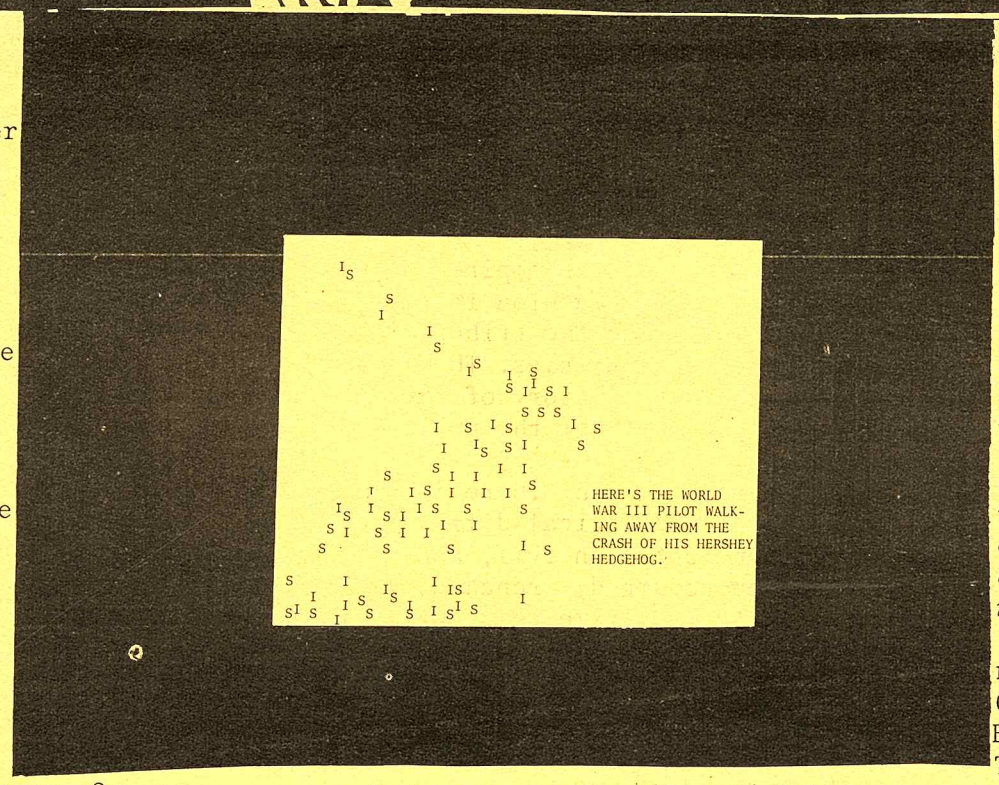
But in the summer, much of the immediate community left, being largely college based. The people, who by this time, were carrying all of the responsibility and most of the work, began to feel the load. They were tired. The trend of writing for other people on the staff or to gratify egocentric needs, took the place of writing to and for the community. In fact the community was reduced to an audience, a segment of the old consumer-producer cycle. In the fall, we thought we could go back into the old form, and bring out a good paper. We found it was impossible. Impossible, for two or three people did almost all the work. We were unable to bring in others into the staff because of the difficulty in transfering knowledge. Plus, the content of the paper could not be as good as we wanted and could not generate the excitement that made the shit worthwhile. Finally, in November, we had no money to pay printing costs. It was an easy excuse for not publishing. But all that is time past.

Now we understand what we want to do; what made it impossible in the past. The money problem has been alleviated by the generosity of our subscribers and Lorenzo de Medici. (Thanks to all!!)

This is volume two, a beginning, perhaps, better than the first. We are in process of restructuring Mother so that it fulfills the ideals that I talked about in the beginning. But we need your help. We need people. We need support. The Mother is not a closed group. With new faces and new ideas it will again be able to serve the community at large.

chuck volkmann

Do you still like books? I mean, if I were to talk about o one, would it be inter esting for you? Yeh? Well, I just read one that you might like: Informed Sources by Willard S. Bain. Pub-lished by Doubleday, it is really a strange paperback about the size of a lab manual with a yellow and or-ange cover-- a shut-tering picture of some one's back. As a mat-ter of fact, when I first noticed it in the window of a book store on Tremont St. in Boston, I thought it was some type of manual.



It is a novel, however. Or, as Lawrence Lipton said in the L.A. Free Press, "This book may turn out to be the first major work of the Hip era in writing."(Quite a strong statement, ay? But we all know about Lawrence Lipton... No?... well, he was a bit before your time; But believe me he would have said something like that, having been a beatnick and all.) Yes, a novel by an alleged hippie and quite different from your ordinary run-of-the-mill work of fiction. As one of the char-acters(for want of a better term) in the book says, '...INFORMED SOURCES IS THE HEROIC PRESENT...A TYPOGRAPH-ICAL DONNYBROOK WHICH IS AS EXCITING AS A THREE GENERATION TENNESSEE WIL LIAMS CLIMAX."

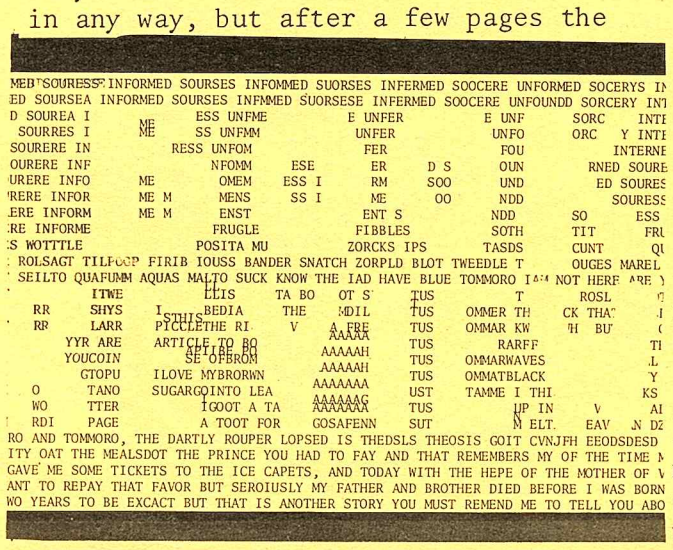
You see, the entire book is based on the Associated Press teletype re-leases for the three days following the assasination of John Kennedy and is written (more like created) com-plete with A.P. abbreviations, butchered language, code numbers, machine mistakes, et al. Bain's "SOURCES ARE INDEED INFORMED, UNLIKE THE ONES QUOTED IN THE FAMILIAR WIRE SERVICE HE IS ABOUT TO PARODY... THOSE WHO GRASP THIS HEAVY IRONY IN ALL ITS IMPLICATIONS ARE MEMBERS OF THE PERIPHERAL UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT --NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH THE FIC-TIONAL AND FACTUAL UNDERGROUND MOVE-MENTS REFERRED TO IN THE UNDERGROUND PRESS...THOSE WHO MISS THE POINT, OR REJECT IT, ARE THE TOADS... THE THE TWO GROUPS--OR, MORE ACCURATELY, LEVELS OF AWARENESS--ARE THE POLAR ANTAGONISTS OF THE BOOK...THE TENSION BETWEEN THEM IS THE MOVING FINGER OF HISTORY...IN ZEROING IN ON THIS TEN-SION AND IN SUSTAINING IT, HERSHEY, (the author-persona created by Bain) GRAPPLES HAND TO HAND WITH THE OFT-HEARD QUESTION, "WHAT'S HAPPENING?"

The style of I.S. may discourage many people because it does tend to be quite nakedly mechanical in places I almost gave up reading a couple of times at the start when none of the many elements seemed to be related in any way, but after a few pages the style becomes so amusing and enter-taining. As the amusement of the work increases with growing understanding of its mechanics, it no longer seems important that some stylistic elements are a little too inventive or mechanically cute. Crotchety, like a little old woman, I.S. progresses in sharp, small, brittle motions; al-ways seeming about to break, but never doing it. There are many points of view(twelve at last count) and at least seven wholly or partially dev-eloped story elements. And under-standing the ways that all of these develop is quite a piece of mental gymnastics.

So, folks, let's not be too hasty in making moral judgements. The fact that the entire work seems to have be been written by a computer may not be a major weakness...(being realistic, as we all should be once in a while, why shouldn't a parody of the writing of a machine, typed out on a typing machine and printed by a printing machine seem like it was created by a machine?). Actually, the nakedness of the style provides a freedom for some very interesting and original developments to occur:

- there's the way that all of the stories (?), introduced as press releases, are free to develop verti-cally. None of that A-B-C-D-E-(F)-G-H-i-j-k-l-...z. Time is vertical and, as you jump from one release about a story element to a release about a another element, it doesn't really help you to understand what's hap-pening any better to know what time the releases were issued.Just the reading of each page, in no parti-cular order,...though not reading the pages numerically may lessen the ten-sion that Bain has maintained through out the work... is important because, sooner or later, all of the elements introduced on the teletype are developed and in a way related... though the relationship is a surprise ..., when the novel breaks down into word scrambles and flights of letters across the pages.

- there's the way in which half of the releases are comments upon other releases, the progress of the novel itself and the reasons why it has been created. Several times releases are used to introduce very interes ting facts, that are disproven by succeeding releases after you have already incorporated them into your understanding of the work. Or you might be beginning to make sense out of naked plots and assorted comments ... you know,putting everything to-gether and finding the meaning of the entire metaphor..., when the teletype machine malfunctions or Solomon Her-shey interrupts to give the farm, weather and sports reports.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URERE INFO ME OMEM ESS I RM SOO UND ED SOURES
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RE INFORME FRUGLE FIBBLES SOTH TIT FRU
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RR SHYS I STHIS BEDIA THE MDIL TUS OMMER TH CK THAT
RR LARR PICCLETHE RI V A FRE TUS OMMAR KW H BU
YYR ARE ARTICLE TO BO AAAAA TUS RARFF
YOUCOIN SE OFBROM AAAAAH TUS OMMARWAVES
GTOPU ILOVE MYBRORWN AAAAAH TUS OMMATBLACK
O TANO SUGARGOINTO LEA AAAAAA TUST TAMME I THI
WO TTER IGOOT A TA AAAAAAG TUS UP IN V
RDI PAGE A TOOT FOR AAAAAAA TUS N ELT EAV
RO AND TOMMORO, THE DARTLY ROUPER LOPSED IS THEDSLS THEOSIS GOIT CVNJFH EEODSDESD
ITY OAT THE MEALSDOT THE PRINCE YOU HAD TO FAY AND THAT REMEMBERS MY OF THE TIME
GAVE ME SOME TICKETS TO THE ICE CAPETS, AND TODAY WITH THE HEPE OF THE MOTHER OF
ANT TO REPAY THAT FAVOR BUT SEROIUSLY MY FATHER AND BROTHER DIED BEFORE I WAS BORN
WO YEARS TO BE EXCACT BUT THAT IS ANOTHER STORY YOU MUST REMEND ME TO TELL YOU ABO

And the wit! Informed Sources is one of the funniest books I have everread

BUST THIS CRAP

ED: This report is beginning to read like the review of I.S. in the New York Sunday Times book section (January 12) several weeks ago. The toad who wrote that liked I.S....Well found it interesting anyway. Inter-preting it as another device for the post-pubic revolution in America. Maybe, because his toadal-security is in some way threatened by this and other such books or the people and ideas that are behind this book, he couldn't really understand. This is UNDERGROUND PRESS, so let's sound underground from here on!!!)

It's a joke...Informed Sources is nothing more than an insane joke. "I CHECKED THIS STORY OUT FROM TOP TO BOTTOM. THERE IS NOTHING TO IT FROM THE BEGINNING."

All these quotes were just lifted out of context and don't necessarily mean what they seem to say here. But they could.

Bain doesn't ever seem to take any part of this work seriously, continu ously using one element to make fun of another, itself, or some factual part of ye newe revolutione. Like, ...THIS DAY IN L(#'[]1938 THE INFANT SOLOMON HERSHEY FOUND HIS FIRST PEN-CIL AND MISTOOK IT FOR SOMETHING TO EAT.

And everything sounds so ironic: WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR BUT IRONIES THEMSELVES--ANON.

Even the revolution is treated sardonically: A MOB OF WILD PRE-SCHOOL CHILDREN, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE COMMUNICATION BLACKOUT, SIEZED CONTROL OF THE SOLOMON HERSHEYS (islands) TODAY.

Don't bother to read this book, man. It's not serios It is a big joke.

Okay, so what's wrong with I.S.'s being a complex joke? A.P. is part of a dead-serious system (AS ONE STU-DENT OBSERVED, "JUST BECAUSE THEY PASS A SILLY LAW DOES NOT MEAN THAT THEY ARE IN A FRIVILOUS MOOD".)which may never be broken down by confron-tation,but might just be susceptible to jokes and absurdities of the Peri pheral Underground Movement. The question then arises: were Lee Harvey Oswald and Jack Ruby(first two mem-bers of the P.U.M. according to an actual A.P. release) joking?

You should maybe spend your time reading more worthwhile books like Revolution For The Hell of It by FREE Don't waste your time on jokes, my friends, life is too short and there are so many serious and worthwhile things to be done.

Wait! Just one more quote. After all, it is my favorite one in the boo book. Might even be some sort of clue for all of you who are looking for ints to aid in interpretting the book.

My favorite

My Favorite Quotation From Inform-ed Sources

My Favorite Quotation From Inform-ed

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My Favorite Quotation From Willard Baine

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My Favorite Quotation From In-formed Sources By Willard S. Bain by Robert Spencer (who,by the way, wrote this article)

THE OUTLINE OF A WHIM LEFT BY A FUGITIVE IMAGE, TODAY SLOWLY GREW INTO A NOTION, THENCE NORTH BY NORTH WEST TO AN IDEA, AN INSPIRATION AND FINALLY ANOTHER GODDAMN OBSESSION.

PO

Trillo's 91st Leotard Mardi-gras

Say hi to the winos french-kissing their bottles. Say hi will you to Will Shakespeare's sonnets and to the thoughtful lady who paints flowers on her toilet seat--then wears it as an Easter bonnet. Ginger Baker was last seen in a Chinese restaurant fidgeting with his chopsticks. The fellow with the trained firefly is giving do-it-yourself x-rays of the stomach while Jack-the-Ripper is already fumbling for the scalpel.

Ah yes pray for the seeking ones for they are the defensive ones with no traditions to hide behind. Lizzie Borden might've said that but she also warned us that we shouldn't expect spilt milk to spill some tears for us just because we cry over it. A sour ruckus.

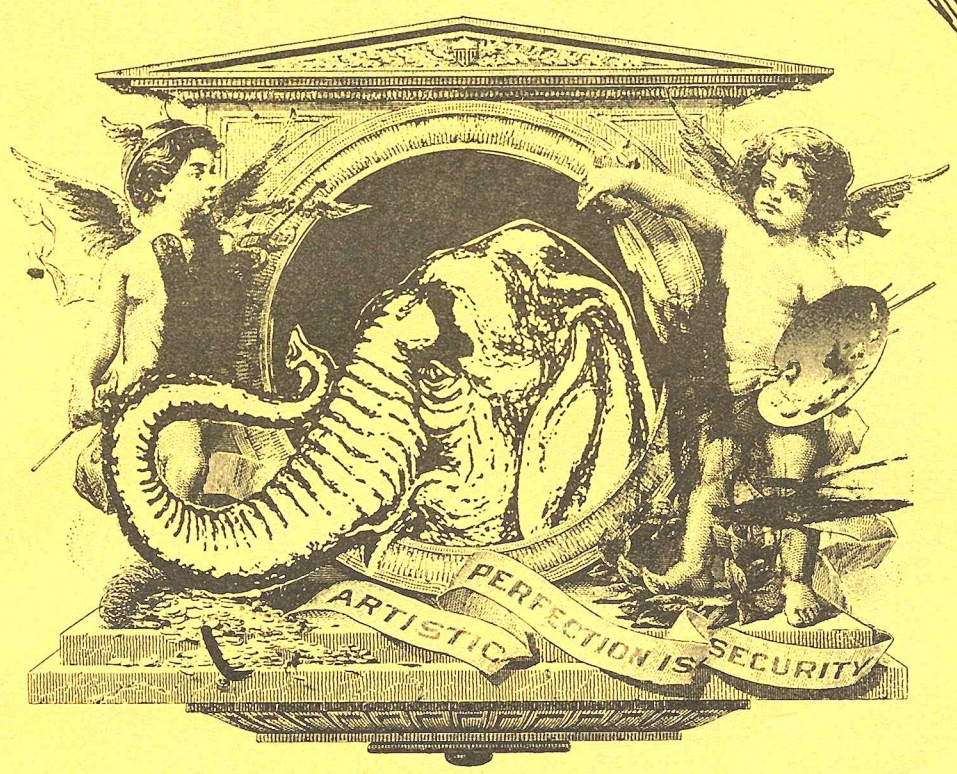
This is the night that Queen Simon of Schuster stands by the alter with a big bag of marshmallows. Cheshire rolls her fake eyebrows under Fatback's pearl-handle ladle. Slang slinks by in a mile-a-minute orgasm while King's English waits frigidly by a roughed-up dance floor. Flesh must not be separated into dialects.

In her corner weeps the voodoo princess feeling the pains of all mankind. You stick her portrait with a pin. She sins then she acts so kind Dear abby: what the fuck is coming off/ Shrunken head coughs.... the only answer.

Little Orkny

The little boy
toyed with the idea
of
an abandoned refrigerator
lying frozen
in the empty lot
And forgot about the future
and the past
and his momma hollering
"Orkny!
you git your ass in here
right this minute!"
But the kid was trapped
was sweating
was screaming
was struggling madly
to escape from the chaos clutch
where he was
locked inside the belly
of the white whale
Gasping for precious breath
pounding on the ivory walls
choking on the perpetual secret
of the ancient elephant burial ground
Melting away
like sun-struck ice...

And in the morning
they found him
crouched like a sardine
Breathless
botherless
bootless comic strip cries
encrusting dried saliva
running down his neck
like a tattooed thunderbolt



The Confessions of a Leap-Year Genius:

Well ah...

Penelope is my mother
if I was born in ancient Greece
Jason is my mother
if I was the Golden Fleece
Caesar is my salad
if lettuce comprised my knees
Erasmus is my exterminator
if my mouse ate Latin cheese

Jester's Lament

My mother delivered me
She is a nurse in a hospital
You may ask how is it possible
How could I have become president
Of this country?

$E=mc^2$

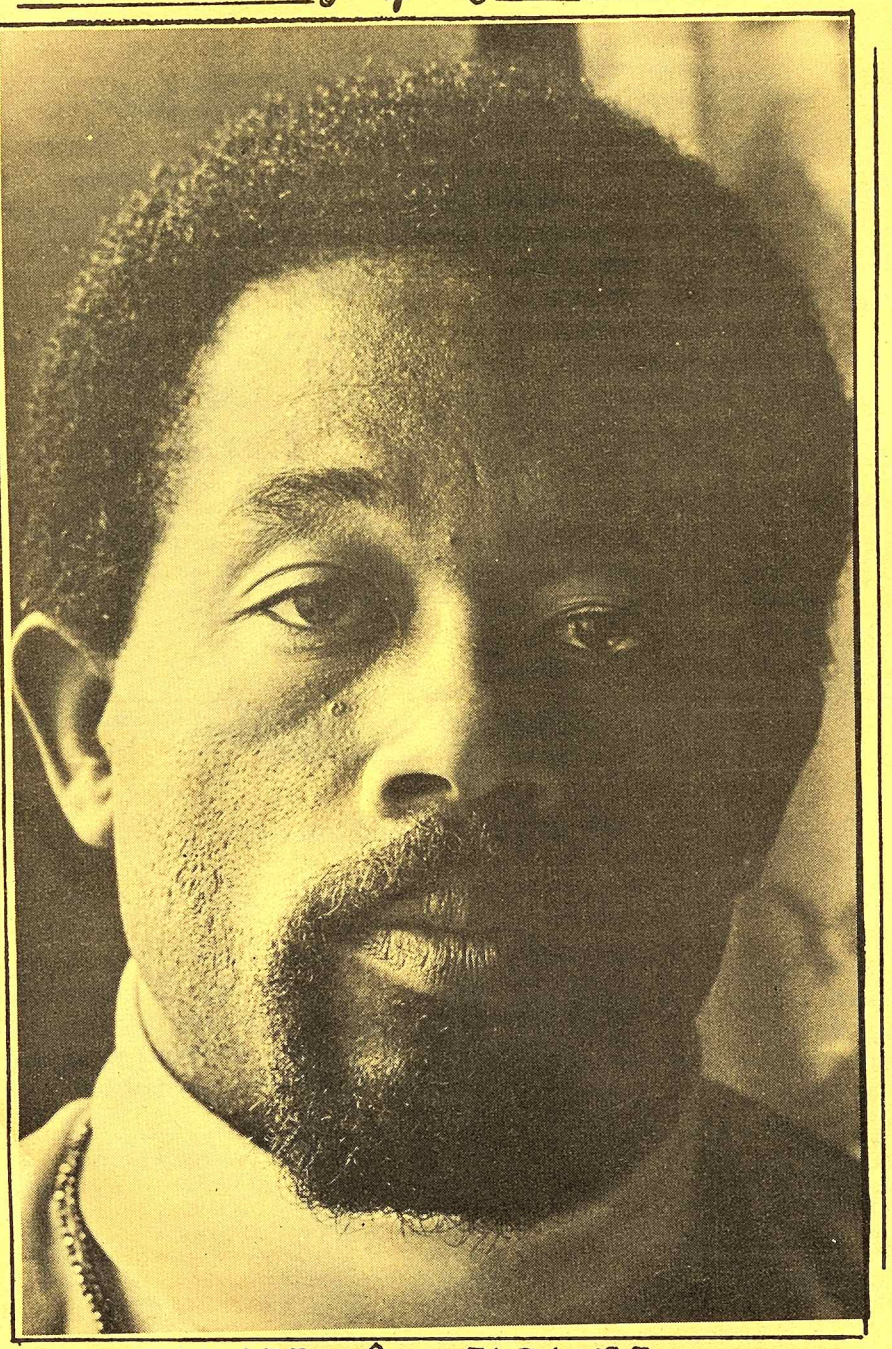
I could see
the man in the window
yawning at me
I dropped my cigarette
and so did he

she's just outside with him
and our eyes meet across the miles
the mountains

hello and miles dissolve
and mountains
melt

and i turn away knowing
that i turn or i learn
hatred for the phenomenon
by which mountains form

tony creamer



ELDRIDGE ✦ CLEAVER

Writing is one of the few creative ways in which an individual can truly express himself and act in meaningful terms. Or maybe it's an illusion-- a rationalization among writers-- that communications can be a means of change. Anyway, it's really just one of man's ways to make sense out of the insanity we live in. But regardless, like life itself, writing is compulsive; to stop writing is like suicide, sort of.

* *

Every sensitive individual has at one time or another felt the anguish and despair which accompanies living in a complex and often incomprehensible world. Every sensitive individual has felt the need to act, to do something--and yet the dilemma of powerlessness, of knowing something must be done and being unable to really act meaningfully to change things, is the existential burden which each of us must face.

And it takes many forms, it affects us in many ways. We see the social realities--war, exploitation, discrimination, hate, greed, intolerance-- and we know something must be done. But what can we do? How do we change things, things that are so large, so deeply entrenched, so powerful? Undoubtedly, this generation, born and raised in prosperity and hope, this restless and confused generation, feels this dilemma this need to act, this powerlessness against insurmountable odds, in more immediate terms than ever.

* *

The young activists of the early sixties--of the Civil Rights movement, and the Peace Corps--almost seem like another generation. A generation of idealism and involvement with hope, real and honest hope, to change the world. Today, standing side by side, are the militants and the drop-outs, knowing something is wrong, something is very wrong, but not knowing where to go, or what to do next.

But this is the same generation as five years ago. Just mellowed, mellowed and defeated. We cannot really change things, we are powerless even to control our own lives. And it took us a long time to realize this. So today we move to the streets; we will not compromise, we will not stop the revolt, we will not use the "channels", even though we shall probably fail.

* *

Who won the "Battle of Chicago?" we may ask. Are we any better off now or only badly bruised? Understand: the anger and frustration of a restless generation will explode again, not in rational and sophisticated ways, but with contempt, and commitment. In the streets of Washington last week, flags were burnt, eggs and epithets hurled, authorities challenged. In small towns and in cities, kids are fighting back in many ways. One generation does not understand another, and the mis-understood, being powerless, but inflammable, are ready for battle. They may finally fizzle and give-in, they may lose the fight, but not before America is shaken by the tremors of the generation gap.

* *

What do you do, then, if you are young and committed, and Black, as well? To be black and sensitive is to be doubly uneasy. For if the white youth is in battle, the Black man in this country is at war. Unlike the white, he cannot hide, he cannot give up the fight and return to the suburbs, he cannot be bought off by token success. The black man is branded by his skin.

* *

Certainly there are some young black people who try to become assimilated into the liberal society, who give up their blackness for bourgeois success. But more and more it is hard to do this, to do this and escape the neurotic tensions of living in the white man's world while other Black men are being exploited, mistreated, and oppressed.

* *

No one need ask what happened at Brandeis, what is going on at S. F. State, or why Black students all across the country are not content to let things remain as they are. The frustrations of young hopes and dreams makes all men bitter; to see a movement of such ideals as the Civil Rights movement of a few years ago die unfulfilled , makes bitter men angry. No Black man in this country can ignore what is happening: Southern justice is *still racist*, Northern ghettoes are *still jungles*. For the sensitive Black man, then, this question of action vs. powerlessness seems all the more significant and pressing.

* *

In 1967, in Tuskegee , Alabama, a young SNCC worker was shot and killed by a white gas-station owner because he refused to use the segregated bathroom. Although he confessed having killed him, the white defendant was found innocent by an all-white jury. The friends of Sammy Younge, those who had worked with him, those black students who had seen Southern justice so many t times---all felt a new kind of shock after Sammy's murder. for they could not sit still, they had to act, they had to do something. Wendell Paris, a Tuskegee studentsaid,"The first thing was violence--I was about to tear up Tuskegee right then. So we made some Molotov cocktails we were ready to throw "em. Somebody told us to sit down and think a littlewhile. We thought and decided the best thing we could do is to show Tuskegee to the world."

This was a turning point for many Blacks, both in Tuskegee and all across the country. Black awareness and Black power replaced non-violent resistance. a few months later, Tuskegee became one of the first schools in which Black students shut down and took over in the now common militant fashion . James Forman, Executive Secretary of SNCC from 1961 to 1966, in his biography of Sammy Younge Jr. the First Black College Student to Die in the Black Liberation Movement. concludes:

"The student movement which had been born on such Southern campuses on Feb. 1, 1960, saw a resurgence of activity in 1968. but in a new spirit of revolutionary militance and concern not only for dignity through lunch-counter demonstrations--but for making the "Negro" colleges a relevant black institution by seizing and holding power. A rising tide of consciousness that we are Africans, an African people living in the United States and faced with the problem of sheer survival, dominates the thoughts of many black college students today. Plagued by the war in Vietnam, rising repression by police and other governmental agencies, and filled with a desire to implement Black Power for survival, college students have had to become more militant in their techniques of resistance."

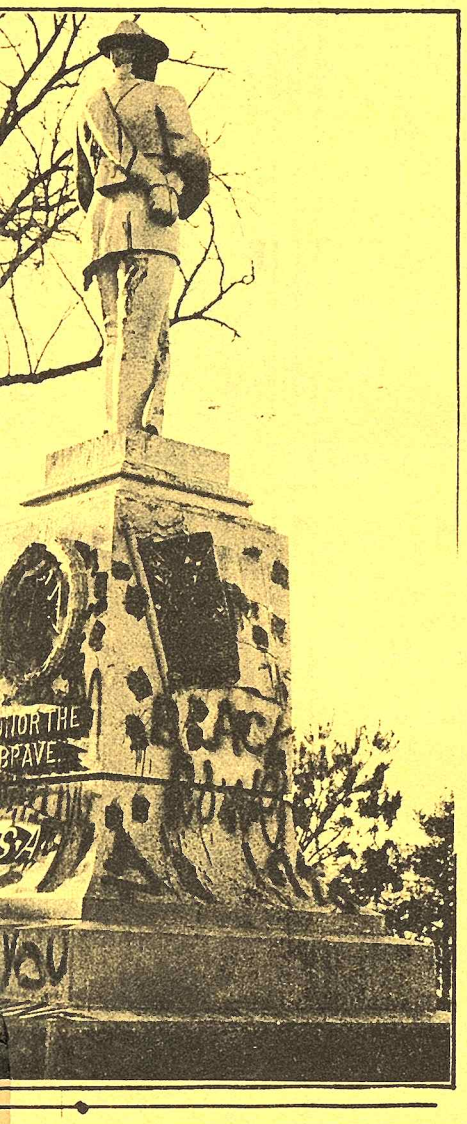
* *

In Orangeberg, S. C., last spring, four Black college students were killed by State troopers while the students from two Black colleges were trying to desegregate a bowling alley. The Troopers and the National Guardsmen on the scene, shot into the crowds, wounding more than 40. last week, nine men--S. C. State Highway Patrolmen--were indicted by the Federal government for depriving American citizens of their civil rights (by killing them). Murder is not a federal crime; local and state officials refused to act.

* *

Investigations continue into the infamous Algiers Motel Incident, subject of a book by John Hersey. During the Detroit riots in the Summer of 1967, three black youths were shot to death in a motel. They were unarmed and had been in the motel with friends--among them two white girls--when Detroit police, state troopers, and National Guardsmen entered. One hour later, when the police left, three of the men lay dead, shot at close range. The others, including the girls, had been severely beaten. Trial of the later accused policemen is still going on.

* *



Incidents of oppression and brutality are common to modern America. The underground press abounds with stories of beatings and repression, stories of intolerance and mistreatment. What sensitive man--black or white--cannot feel the horror of his inability to do something meaningful. When Black students take over a college, make seemingly innocuous demands and frighten the hell out of the white power structure, the issue must be seen from a broad perspective. The demands themselves--though worthwhile and needed--are usually secondary to the mood, the feelings, of the students involved. For black students today, as well as many white students cannot stand by and allow a system to remain in existence as long as it condones and perpetrates exploitation, manipulation, and discrimination.

* *

Militant Blacks--to repeat--face the problems of powerlessness and the existential anguish of involvement more than others. For commitment without direction leads to bitterness; sacrifice with some sort of success produces frustrations and anxieties. The Black Panthers--one of the few militant black organizations to co-operate with white radicals--faces a multitude of problems. Harrassed constantly, they have been beaten, attacked, indicted, and even killed. Bobby Hutton is dead, Huey Newton is in jail, Eldridge Cleaver is in hiding. But the Panthers grow stronger, for they offer angry young Blacks a place to focus their anger. It is unfortunate, that their energies must be spent on defending themselves instead of taking positive actions to create change.

On January 17, at U.C.L.A. two members of the Panthers were shot and killed by four members of another California Black Nationalist group==US. "Headed by Ron Karenga," claims a Black Panther press release, "it is an organization known to receive protection from the L.A. Pig Department and have a behind-the-scenes relationship with the L.A. power structure." The shootings, the Panthers imply, were "political assassinations." Karenga denied any involvement with the shootings, but admitted there were deep ideological differences between the two organizations. He claimed the Panthers were merely a front organization for white leftists. Future explosions seen inevitable, regardless of the specifics of this incident,, for the fuse seems lit upon the angry and bitter militants throughout this country.

* *

The modern dilemma of agonizing powerlessness makes rational men into strange creatures. The temptations of escape make drugs, the Ivory tower, the country into appealing alternatives; commitment and frustration run hand in hand. Like writing and living, fighting for change is also compulsive.

by Steve Krinsky

Leaflet from San Francisco:

Control of the University

LNS/Smith, Jayakawa, the Trustees, Reagan and Alioto have been telling the same story. They say that the reason that they will not implement the 15 demands is due to a lack of funds when in reality unlimited funds are instantly available. The Trustees control a $3 million reserve fund which has not been allocated for any purpose. In addition, $30,000 a day is being spent for police troops, helicopters, horses, etc. The money which has been spent and will be spent could more than pay for the costs of the 15 demands.

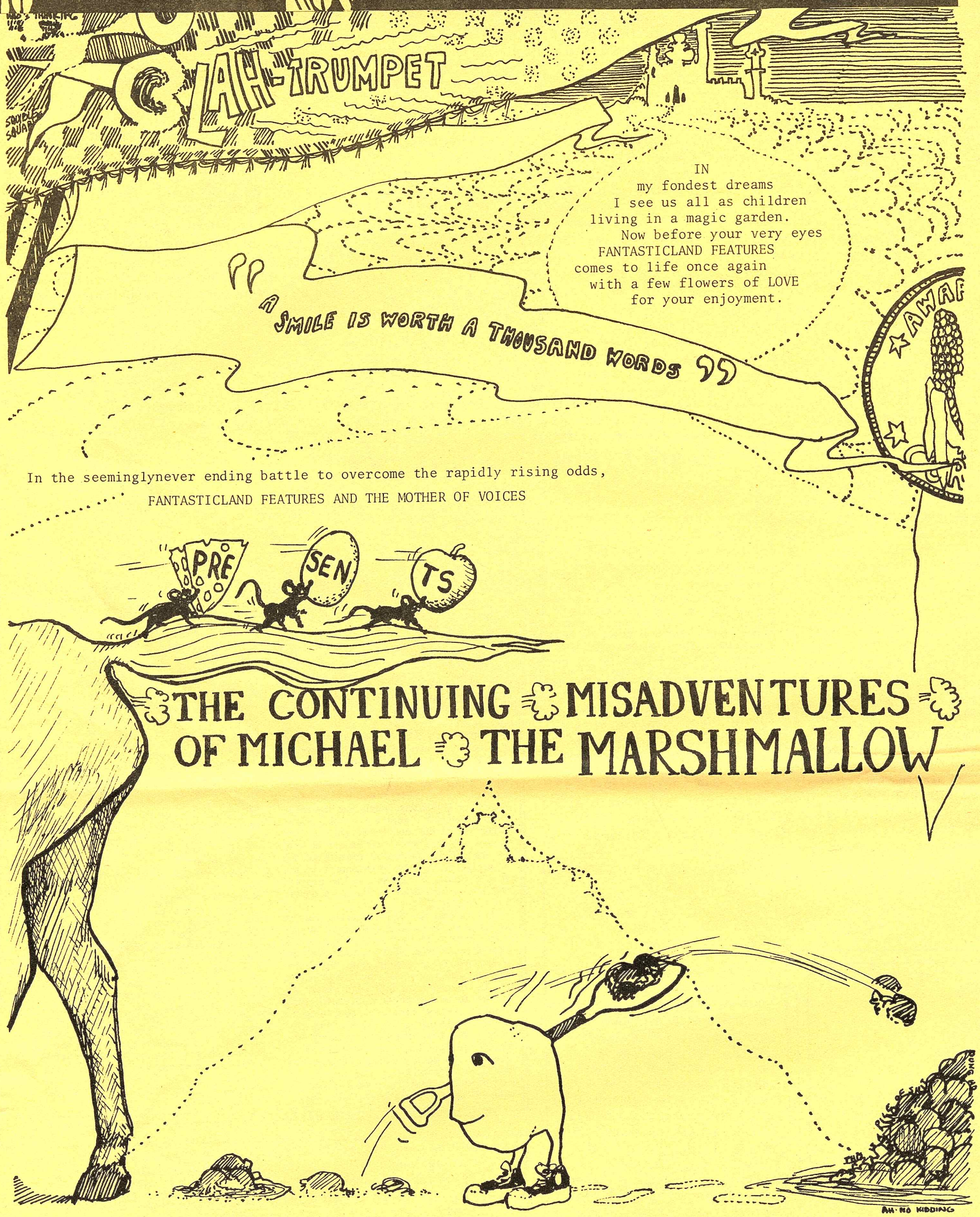
The reason that the power structure is so unwilling to grant the demands is not a lack of money but a question of control. The Trustees and Regents of American colleges and universities are invariably drawn from a specific class of our society. This class controls 80 per cent of America's wealth as well as our entire educational system. They control the universities to train young people to maintain their system, to develop in generations those attitudes and orientations that are necessary to the status quo. (Clark Kerr called U.S. colleges factories producing minds for the military-industrial complex.) The power structure of our country (in our case the Board of Trustees) use their control to prevent the university from becoming a center where the true nature of the United States is exposed and to prevent the university from becoming a center for changing it.

The reason that the corporate elite is so opposed to a black studies department controlled by black people and a school of ethnic studies controlled by Third World people is that they know that such departments would function not in the interests of this same elite, but in the interests of the oppressed communities. They know that such departments would begin to explore and discover the real causes of poverty and racism in America. They know that these departments would conduct research aimed at developing new social and economic systems, new life styles for people, and not at increasing profits for American business. These same people also know that if black and Third World people take control of their education that white students will also demand an end to the "factory." And they will take control of their own education.

In order to prevent changes in the status quo, the corporate elite will go to any length. They will spend billions on bombs, bullets, and bull shit (so-called concessions). But not one cent to allow people self-determination. They use their media to lie and distort the news -- 35 arm-band wearing flunkies become the "majority" and 3,000 marchers a "handful of demonstrators." They offer phony deals, that turn out to be redommendations to themselves. They summarily suspend their so-called freedom of speech and due process as soon as it ceases to be useful to them, as Hayakawa has done. We must be very clear, the Trustees will use any tactic necessary to remain in power.

They will use any tactic necessary but they will not win. All over the world people are struggling to throw off oppression. And in the course of the struggle, students around the world in alliance with their brothers and sisters in the factories and offices, the ghettos and barrios, the farms and the mines, inevitably push this same ruling elite up against the wall and destroy them. The only chance for oppressed students, workers, soldiers, etc., throughout the world to overcome the technological weaponry of the U.S. establishment is to unite in a protracted struggle to defeat the defenses of the military-industrial-collegiate comples. We are a part of that struggle.

SUPPORT THE STRIKE - JOIN THE PICKET LINES



It was during the great takeover when it all happened. There was never a sadder day to come upon us than the day Oliver Onion discovered the disappearance of the beloved Innocence Indians. Their departure signaled the beginning of the quietest and loneliest times we have ever known. The Innocence Indians were the happiest people imaginable and whenever they were around no one ever became lost because they could hear the laughter of the Innocence Indians ringing in the air to guide them home.

Who knows why, but one day mean old King Gnasty decided to drive the Innocence Indians off their land and take it for his own. In order to avoid being found by the King's armies they went into hiding and took their laughter with them. Since that fatefull day people everywhere have been getting lost and things just aren't the same anymore without the happy Innocence Indians and their laughter. Which brings us somehow to our HERO.

MICHAEL THE MARSHMALLOW was born just like you and me except that when he looks in the mirror he sees a marshmallow looking back at him..When he was a little older, he was rushed off to school early one morning to gather the frùits of knowledge. If you could find him and you could take the time to ask him, Michael would tell you he learned two thimgs in school. First, he would tell you about the day he learned he was a marshmallow. It came as quite a shock and it upset him terribly for quite some time, but he finally decided he would just have to accept the fact that he was a marshmallow, and like it. To his great surprise, after a slight adjustment, like it he did hooray.

GNG

JMS

The other thimg Michael learned in school was the story of the purely dreadfull facts surrounding the tragic disappearance of the Innocence Indians. This upset Michael almost as much as finding out he is a marshmallow. He decided right there and then that he MICHAEL THE MARSHMALLOW would drop out and try to find the lost Innocence Indians and bring the laughter back to this sad and silent world we live in.

We are in luck because today finds him about to set out on one of his misadventures, so why don't we join him in his search for the sublime.

So hold on to your friends folks because here comes

"right down your alley"

We find MICHAEL THE MARSHMALLOW,the man of the our,heading for the land of Balancing Bubbles to engage in yet another epic battle of wits with the curious forces of FOOMAROOM. The land of BALANCING BUBBLES is the home of the Big Black Bowling Balls and their arch rival,the worst of the worst,Mr. Kingpin. For as long as people have been able to remember,these two mighty mooramoofs have been waging a series of blunders to see who will reign supreme. Lately, these thunderous encounters have been taking their toll and the land of Balancing Bubbles may burst into obvireeno at any moment. In hopes of finding a clue to the whereabouts of the lost Innocence Indians, Michael has decided to visit the land before it is to late. Even if he can't find the laughter he has set his heart to find, he holds a faint glimmer of hope that he may be able to bring some peace to the mixedup land of muscle.

The land of Balancing Bubbles can only be entered through the Valley of Togetherness,so this is on the path Michael set his feet to walking. He always liked it in the Valley and he thought if he ever had the urge to settle down and raise marshmallows, this would be the place to do it. He made a mental note of this and continued on.

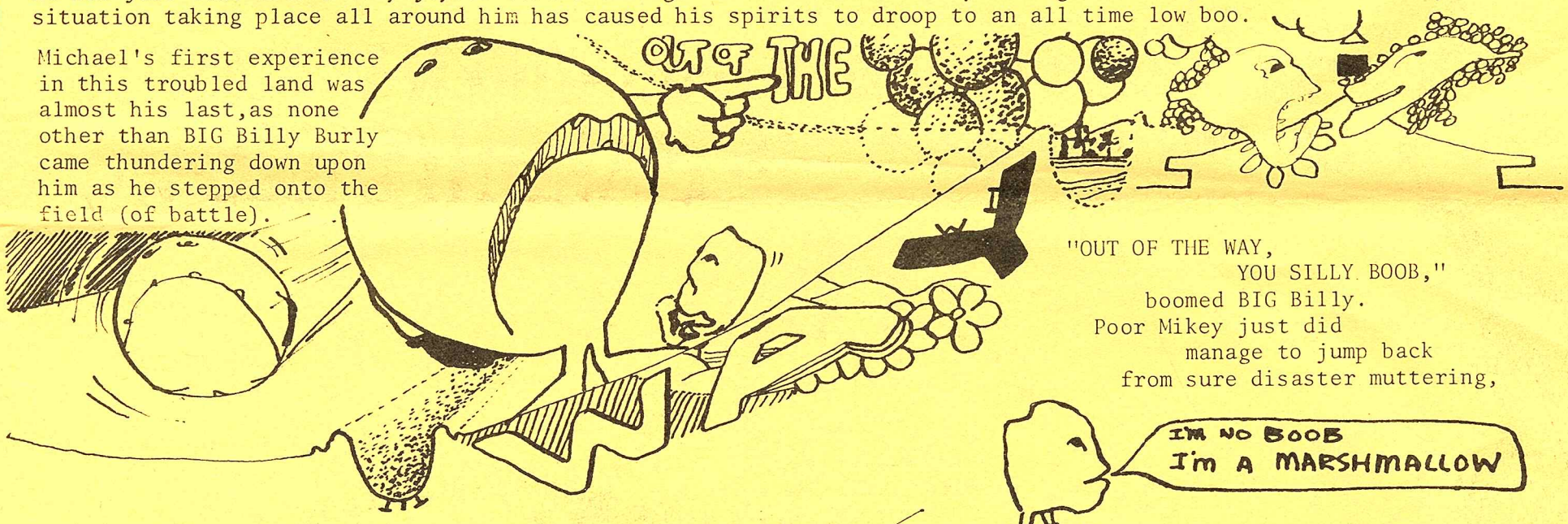
Once through the Valley,Michael could sense the good feelings he had just had were no longer present in the land of Balancing Bubbles. At one end of a long rectangular field lived the infamous Mr. Kingpin and his nine bodygaurds.These nine,very similar in appearance to Kingpin,have the job of forming a protective triangle around their leader and waiting for the terrible battles to begin.

At the oppisite end of the field live the fearsome Big Black Bowling Balls. These awesome creatures have the avowed purpose in life to knock down Mr. Kingpin and his bodygaurds,enough times to make them give up and leave the land of Balancing Bubbles,and then they will have it all for themselves. Then they could all sit around and get fat,and nothing would please them more. These funnyfellows have a leader of their own whose name is BIG Billy Burly. He has a tremendous dislike for Mr. Kingpin because there should be only one leader in the land, and of course he thought it should be none other than BIG Billy Burly. So everyday he leads his boys down to the battle.

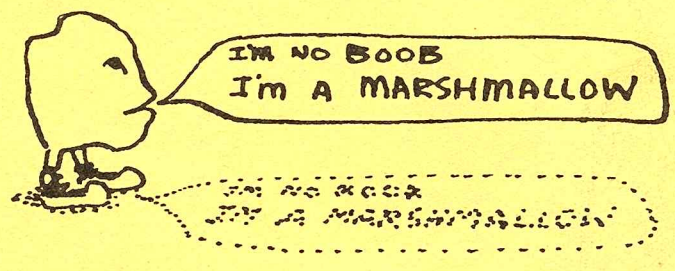
Mr. Kingpin and his men are a hearty lot and they don't give up easily.Everytime they get knocked down, he always rallys his men and they get back up again and again and again. This whole mess could conceivably go on forever,because BIG billy has vowed he won't stop until the land of Balancing Bubbles is his and his only.

This then is the scene which greets MICHAEL THE MARSHMALLOW upon his arrival in the land of Balancing Bubbles. He had just come from a very joyous stroll through the wonderfull Valley of Togetherness, but now this silly situation taking place all around him has caused his spirits to droop to an all time low boo.

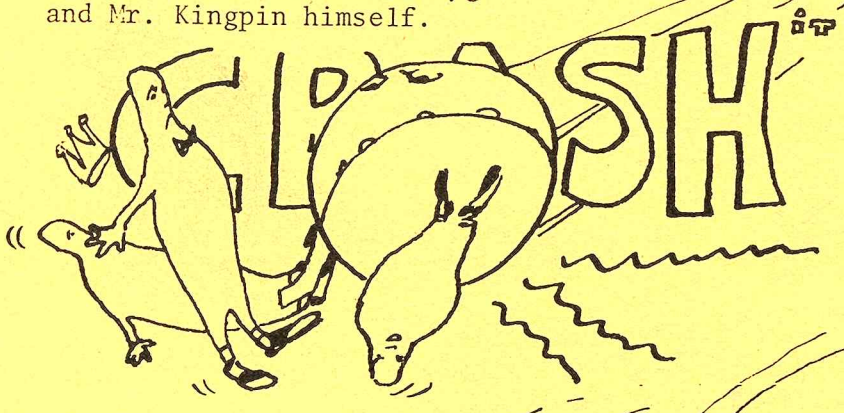
Michael's first experience in this troubled land was almost his last,as none other than BIG Billy Burly came thundering down upon him as he stepped onto the field (of battle).



"OUT OF THE WAY,
YOU SILLY BOOB,"
boomed BIG Billy.
Poor Mikey just did
manage to jump back
from sure disaster muttering,



But
BIG Billy
continued
on unswayed and
knocked down
all nine bodygaurds
and Mr. Kingpin himself.



afterall, BIG Billy isn't the leader of the Big Black Bowling Balls for nothing.

But much to Billy's dismay,once more Mr. Kingpin raised himself and his protectors. With a little effort,he smiled an understandably weak smile to Billy who was off to the side still drooling from his majestic knockdown.

Seeing that Mr. Kingpin was up again and even smiling, he became furious and would have struck
again had he not tripped on an old log and fell,
which wasn't very leaderlike and he knew it.

Meanwhile,little Michael had dusted himself off and was preparing to present his humble person to the assembled dignataries when VVRROOOOMM came another of the black demons.
CCRRAASSHH

six bodygaurds down
"NOT GOOD ENOUGH
NOT GOOD ENOUGH"
cried
Billy in an obvious
RAGE.

POOR little MICHAEL THE MARSHMALLOW was terribly FRIGHTENED by these monstrous mountains of mongerosity but by the good goodgoodgood graces of the blessed Empress of BIJOU BUYO he got himself together. He became somewhat happier and gladly not sad he spoke.

"HOLD ON THERE" sirs "PLEASE STOP THIS NONSENSE"

WHAT seems to be the trouble?

said Michael,while he anxiously glanced behind him,expecting the next onslaught at any moment.

BIG Billy and Mr. Kingpin heard a voice speaking to them, but they couldn't find any body to go with it,not being accustomed to seeing anyone smaller than themselves.

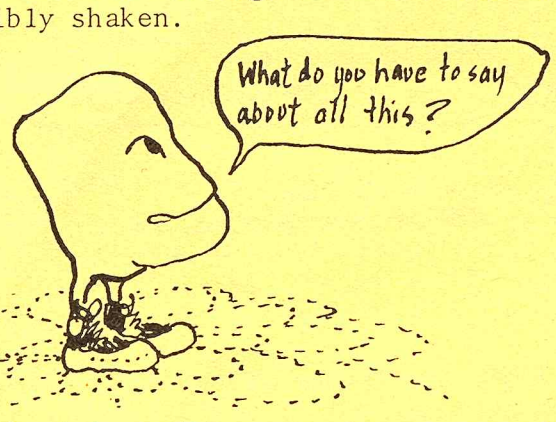
Michael was now in a bit of a rage himself(and rightfully so,I might add.) and he shouted out at the two bumbles, "I'm down here you nitwits.That's the trouble with you BIG BRUTES. You never look out for us little (KIDS). You're either bowling us over or pinning us down."

After this outburst, the big boys finally spotted Mr. Mike way down below their kneecaps.

"And who are you,you wise little pipsqueek," they chorused in obvious reference to his size.

"The name's Michael.I've just come from a nice peaceful walk through the valley and now I'm quite thoroughly appalled and disillusioned by what I find here. I suggest you explain yourselves before I lose my temper and do something we'll all regret,"and to emphasize his point he reared himself up to his fullest height, but being a marshmallow this was only one inch.

BIG Billy was the first to answer Michael's obvious command to speak."I don't see any use in talking to some little loudmouthed punk like you,but I suppose me and my buddies could use a bit of a rest,('that's for sure' said the bodygaurds),so I guess I might as well get a few things straight around here.I'm BIG Billy Burly and I can lick anyone around.Me and my boys here want this place all to ourselves, but this Kingpin dummie boob thinks he should be the top gun .Him and his bodygaurds seem to think they've got just as much right to be here as we do. Obviously the place ain't big enough for the both of us,so we'll go on knocking em down until they get up and go, and that's that." Just to prove his point, Billy snuck up and gave Mr. Kingpin a terrible knock in the knee and sent him reeling. Of course all the bodygaurds rushed to his aid and got him to his feet again, but he was visibly shaken.



Michael was now addressing Mr. Kingpin himself.
It didn't take him very long
to answer as he bellowed

"I'm the KINGPIN,
and don't you forget it."

He said this with such ferocity
that fifteen grizzly bears
up and headed for the hills,
and who knows where they came from?

Michael just did manage to get out of the way of this latest assault. It is now quite painfully obvious to this fair young lad that there is nothing he can do or say to bring about any agreement or peace. As the battle cotinued to rage on in the background, MICHAEL THE MARSHMALLOW turned to leave.

"I guess there's no use in
my asking if they've seen
any Indians around here.
It's for sure there is'nt
any laughter in the land
of BALANCING BUBBLES."

Michael sadly concluded and slowly walked towards the Valley of Togetherness.

He knew he would feel better there, even though he still hadn't found his lost Innocence Indians.

Maybe next time

SALUTE MICHAEL c/o MOTHER

TO BE CONT.

Suppose a stranger approached you at noon as you walked in the middle of the sidewalk fronting a busy department store at the center of your city. Suppose this man who was dressed like you and whose voice was similar to yours said that it was inevitable that the Chinese Communists were going to attack your city with intercontinental missles. And suppose he said to you that you were therefore called upon by the state to give your sons to fight against your enemy and you must devote the whole of your energies as a creative human to think up electronic defensive devices, and you must make your daughters accept a role like your wife's-they must breed children for the state to perpetuate the armies the state needs to maintain national superiority, armies to stall the inevitable attack which will have to be met eventually by a system of antimissiles built on your front lawn the state must dispossess you of in the name of your nation's peoples.

Suppose that the stranger simply stated these terms to you, and so you went off into your life, and thought all the time of the threat this stranger spoke of, and you told your wife and children of the impending disaster, and then prepared for it by presenting yourself to your god, asking for salvation in the face of the inevitable. And you sent your son to school to become trained as a soldier of freedom. He would learn the rudiments of technology so that electronic defense systems would continue their growth and increase their complexity, linking and solidifying various stages and units of production until overtly the interrelationship of every part of the process would be on the lips of every citizen. Then you would understand America. And does it end?

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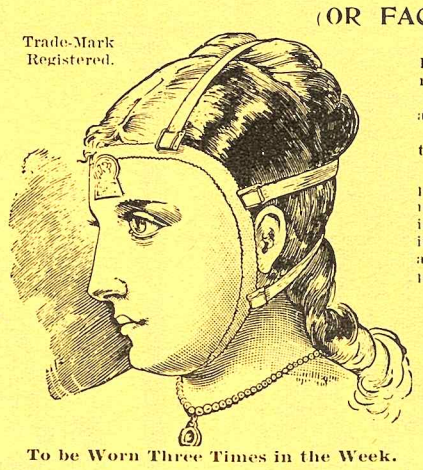

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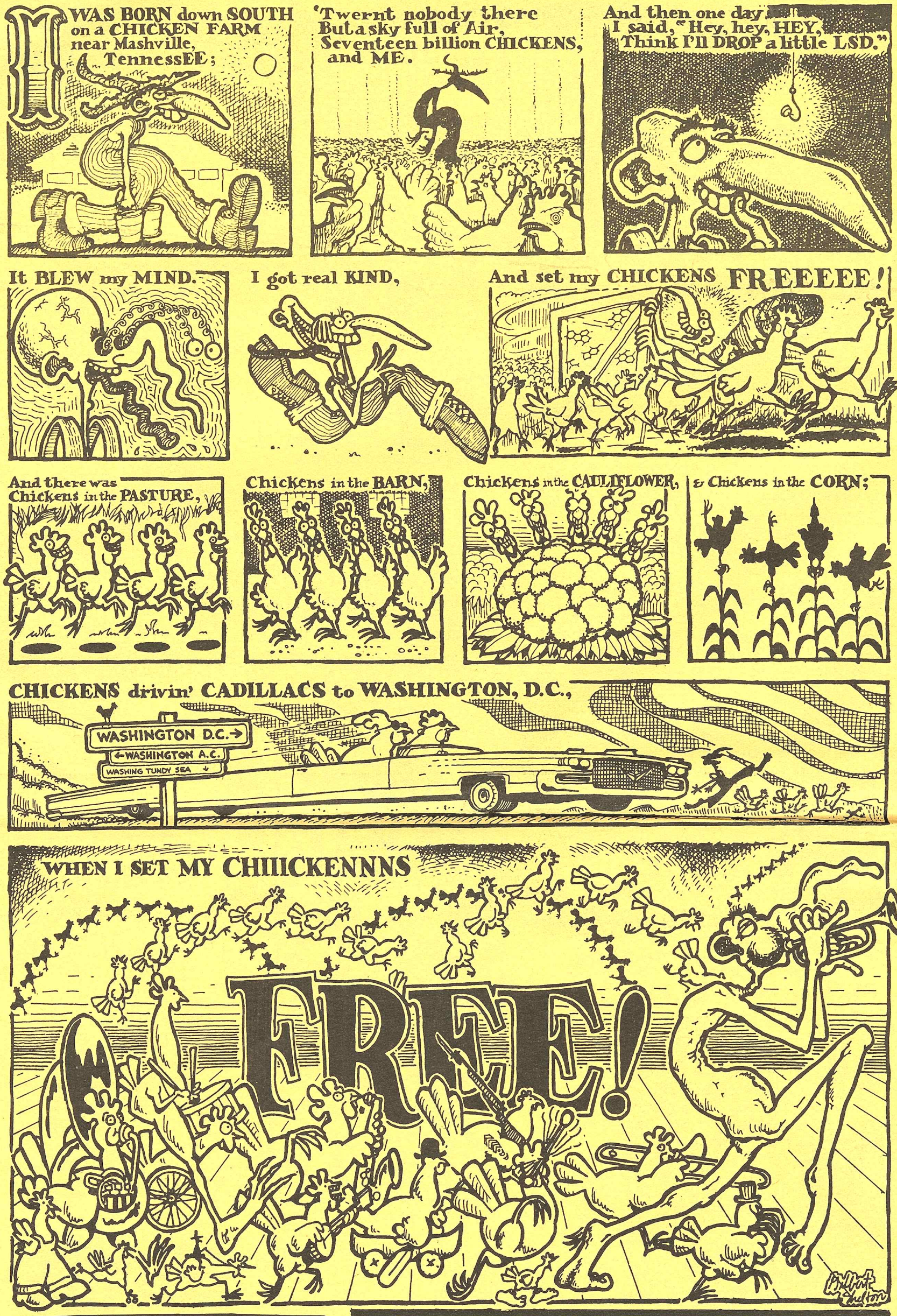
I WAS BORN down SOUTH on a CHICKEN FARM near Mashville, TennessEE;
'Twernt nobody there But a sky full of Air, Seventeen billion CHICKENS, and ME.
And then one day I said, "Hey, hey, HEY, Think I'll DROP a little LSD."
It BLEW my MIND.
I got real KIND,
And set my CHICKENS FREEEEE!
And there was Chickens in the PASTURE,
Chickens in the BARN,
Chickens in the CAULIFLOWER,
& Chickens in the CORN;
CHICKENS drivin' CADILLACS to WASHINGTON, D.C.,
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←WASHINGTON A.C.
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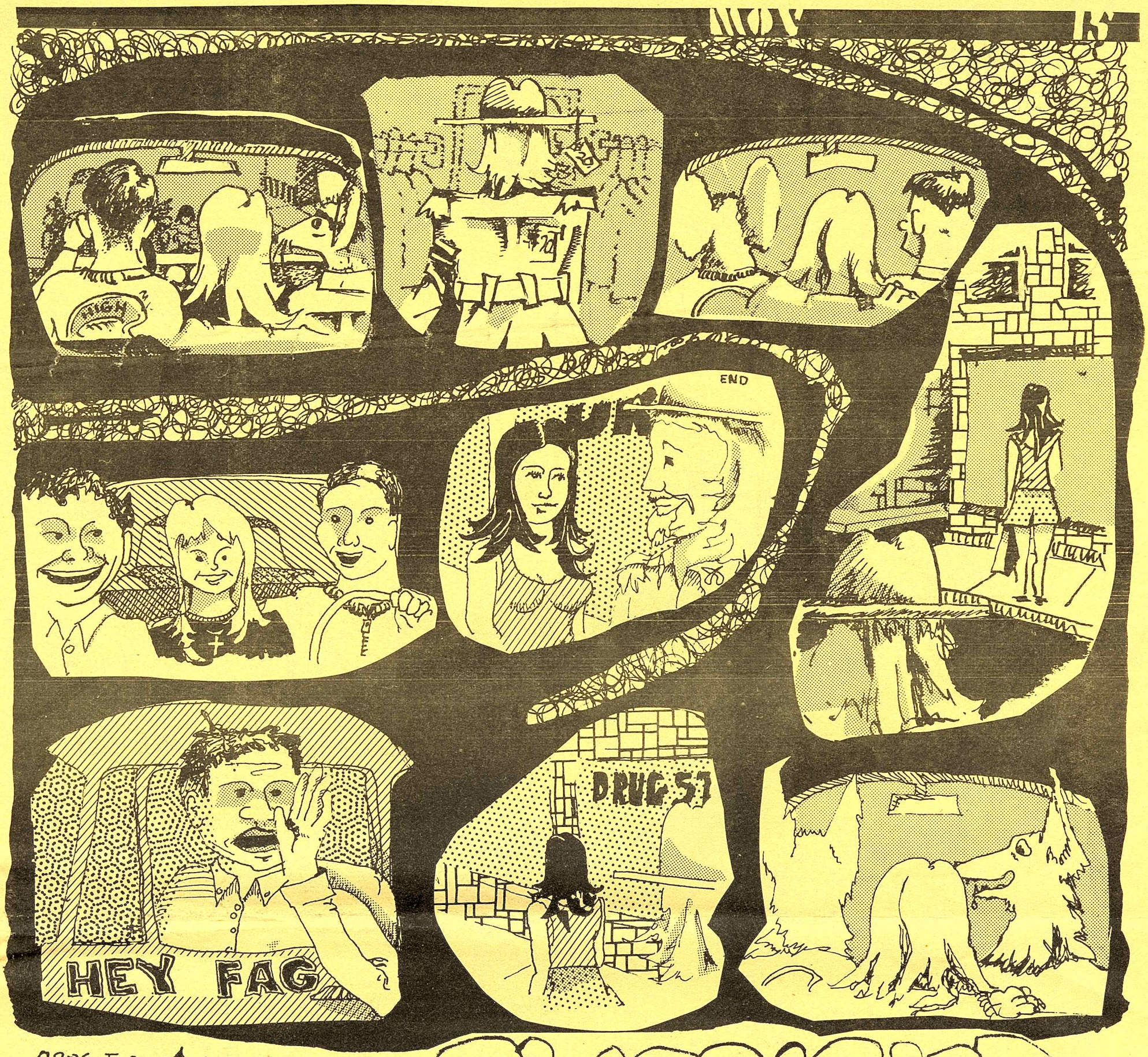

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